FIGARO IN LONDON.

Satire should like a polish'd razor keen,
Wound with a touch that's scarcely felt or seen.—LADY MONTAGUE.

"Political Pasquinades and Political Caricatures are parts (though humble ones,) of Political History. They supply information as to the person and habits often as to the motives and objects of public men, which cannot be found elsewhere."—CROKER'S NEW WHIG GUIDE.

No. 283. SATURDAY, MAY 6, 1837. Price One Penny

THE TORY MARINERS.

It is generally the custom with sailors, of all descriptions, to try and avoid the rocks: but there are a certain set of Tory Mariners, who are all rowing in the same boat, and who seem to be positively trying to run upon the rocks, and thus precipitate their own destruction. These sailors, however, are very freshwatery, and are indeed, by his Majesty William the Fourth, that sharpest of all monarchs, and bluntest of tars, familiarly denominated land lubbers. The sea which these men are madly attempting to navigate, is the sea of politics, upon which they have been for some time tossed up and down: but the Reform breezes having lately sprung up with considerable violence, they are driven about in all directions, now shifting to this side, now to that, then tacking, then going on their beam end, and manœuvring in every possible manner to prevent destruction. This is all very well, as far as it goes, though we think, the best thing the Tory *knave-y* could do, would be to retire at once from the sea of politics, where they cannot long remain without going down altogether. Some of them, however, are so hardened and piratical—they are such regular not land rats, but water rats, (as Shakespeare, anticipating the Tories, forcibly hath it,) that they have positively had the presumption not only to try and 'weather the storm,' but to steer their fragile bark in opposition to it. That murderous marine, commonly known as the 'Cumberland butcher,' has put himself forward as the captain, while that regular puritanical *Pontius*, Sir Robert Peel, undertakes the appropriate character of *Pilate (Pilot.)* Their vessel being manned; and freighted with some live Tory lumber, they have boldly embarked on the rough bed of the political ocean, which is being tossed and towzled about for all the world like a feather bed in the excited grasp of an irritated housemaid. Up they go, and down they go, while the wind of Reform blows them first to this side, and then to that side, now Boreas Hume gives them a blow in the face, and now Eolus, O'Connell, comes *pat* upon them, and agitates their frail vessel most consumedly. But these miserable creatures, flattering themselves of their supposed strength on the one hand, and urged to desperation by the neck or nothingness of their position, on the other hand, have resolved not only to try and live out the storm, but even to brave at once its worst dangers, by obstinately running upon the rocks, as if they could, with their fragile bark, make the rocks give way before them. Our artist, who is up most particularly to that nasal provocative commonly called snuff, has given a nautical tableau, which puts the thing altogether in a new light. The view represents the

W. Strange, 21, Paternoster Row.

Tories rushing madly on to the rock of Irish Municipal Reform, which they are about to *split upon*. The truth of this is so obvious, that we wait only for the lapse of a few weeks to show how right our artist has been in his calculations. We need only say, the original of the above cut is in *water colours*, and the portraits are painted in *ultra marine*.

A RUM START.

Among other extraordinary schemes that have sprung up in these very extraordinary times, is a prospectus for an affair which, after considerable deliberation, we are compelled to classify under the very singular denomination of a *rum start*. It is not a railroad, which is a very nice plan for the fast travelling of money. It is not a steam company, so excellent for the evaporation of money: but it is a company under the very facetious, not to say extraordinary title of a *towing* company. The only *towing* company we ever recollect, was at school, and the shareholders were employed in tying string to the *toes* of the boys, and so they completed the extraordinary operating of *towing*. If the object of the projectors is to facilitate school sports, and there is enough interest in the subject, the thing may answer. If not, it must fall to the ground, like those who used to be pulled out of bed by the operation.

A BISHOP IN DANGER.

A few days ago the Bishop of Worcester was examining a new church at Hartlebury, and was looking up at it with the highest admiration—'Crikey,' said his Holiness, 'its a fine building.' Scarcely had he uttered these words, when a stone fell from the cornice, and, as the boys say, *bonneted him*, that is to say, knocked his hat, with such violence, over his eyes, that the ruin of his hat rested upon his stomach. Fortunately his hat was a *shovel* hat, so that the Bishop was, as it were, soon *dug out* from the ruins of his castor. The circumstance has caused a great sensation in the neighbourhood, and the reports are not only various but multifarious. Some say, that it was meant as a reproof to the Bishops, as much as to say, that it is not the time for them to be '*looking up*.' Others say, that it is a proof the '*church is falling*,' but we say, it is a proof that the stones were loose, and the Bishop having his nose, at the moment, heavenwards, got one of those severe blows, which are sometimes pronounced by the forerunners of good luck, under the quaint title of—*toppers for luck*. We trust the Bishop of Worcester may look at it in this light, and find it answer his purpose.

CIVILITY AND CULPRITS.

In this country there is a great deal of anomaly in matters connected with law: but in no case is absurdity more manifest than in the mode of treatment of those condemned to death. Directly a man is found worthy of hanging, they begin to make much of him, as if they really were sorry so soon to lose him. The authorities get exceedingly polite all of a sudden, the sheriffs go and sit with him a bit now and then, as the phrase is, to say nothing of that gossiping old woman—Cotton, the ordinary, who loves a bit of chat in the condemned cell amazingly, and sits smoking his pipe with a murderer, in the condemned cell, as cosily as he does over his own kitchen fire, or in the neighbouring tap rooms. Poor old Cotton is a well-meaning, comfortable old codger, and having got a snug berth in Newgate, is obliged to fill up his time somehow or other. So that he is really glad to get a condemned murderer to talk a little, and as he characteristically says,—'Pitch it into the public that he is preparing them for hereafter.' This was quite the case with Greenacre, who positively had (as Boz says,) a *swarry* every day in his cell, a regular *convers-ass-ione*, and no mistake, as the turnkey remarked to us, the other day, upon our visiting the cell with a large party of the diplomatic body. Several fashionables have been to Greenacre's select parties in Newgate, and the whole set out was quite cosey, interesting, scientific, and literary. Greenacre was extremely obliging and affable, and allowed the company to towsle his head about, and phrenologize upon his bumps, with a suavity that was quite delicious. Indeed, the Sheriffs, the Ordinary, Jack Ketch, and Greenacre, to say nothing of Hobler, made up every evening a very pleasant family party. Hobler's jokes—Mr. Sheriff Johnson's legal attainments, Mr. Sheriff Duke's suavity, Greenacre's literary attainments, and Jack Ketch's rough cleverness in his own particular *line*, made it extremely pleasant to be one of the company.

ROYAL DOMESTICS.

It has come out that the reason for the late lamented Lady de Lisle having lived in Kensington Palace, was, that she had actually taken a housekeeper's place, and was there in that capacity. When one of the King's daughters condescends to enter into service, there certainly is no reason for any one being ashamed of it. We are, however, somewhat afraid that the affair, if known abroad, would have a very shabby look, and we should not like the Emperor of Russia to be able to say to us, 'Kinsdina, musdohj, butchekeff, bitsfrotto,' which all our readers, who understand the Russian tongue, well know means—'Go to h—l, your King's daughter is only a housekeeper.' We, who are really, and sincerely interested in the honour and character of our own country, do most excessively deplore that the King should make one of his daughters a housekeeper, and if the truth were to come out, we should, perhaps, hear, that some other of them may have got a place somewhere as a cook, with moderate wages, to say nothing about the grease pot—*adde etiam*, as the Latin grammar says,—the kitchen stuff. We wish his Majesty would get Earl Munster into a place somewhere, as a butler. As to Lord Adolphus—he, as it is, is *valet* to Wombwell.

MAY DAY.

The sweeps went their rounds on this occasion, and made a dead set at the loose half-pence of the lower classes, aiming, however, at enlisting in their favour the sympathies of both the highest and the lowest, the garrets, and the kitchens. Mr. Horace Twiss entered into an arrangement with Mr. Westmacott of the *Age*, and the former, disguised as a lady, with a meat basting ladle, angled for loose coppers with a cash hungriness that had something of ferocity about it. Mr. Westmacott wore a rusty black coat, with stripes of gold paper plastered down over the seams, dirty buckskin breeches, and a black cocked hat trimmed at the back end with bunches of paper, a la haunch of venison. He had a small cane in his hand, and jumped about in a style of lassitude that was in accordance with the well-known fact of the *Age* being on its very last legs. Daddy Burdett went with them as a Jack in the Green, for being ashamed to show himself, he

took that more modest plan of joining his new Tory associates. He turned round and round rather nimbly, and the mob pelted him very good humouredly. Several other sweep gangs went about the metropolis, and Eldon played the part he has so long played, on the occasion.

THE WESTMINSTER ELECTION.

Sir Francis Burdett has shewn, in his dotage, a piece of well-bred doggism that is quite delightful. Seeing a leg ready extended to kick him down stairs, he very properly puts his tail between his own legs, and sneaks away. We were afraid, in the first instance, that he was going to play the part of the dog in the manger, and, though he would not make himself useful as member for Westminster, that he would not give up his seat. He did, in the first instance, snarl a little, and growl, and mumble between his teeth, at the idea of being disturbed; but when the constituency regularly prepared itself for a stout kick, then the good breeding of other dogs came over him for a moment, and the once favourite mastiff of the Westminster cock-pit genteely slunk away. Talking of dogs, we are wrong in classing Burdett under the mastiff species—he is a confirmed *turnspit*. The Reformers are, however, stirring themselves to take advantage of the vacancy that Burdett's resignation has afforded them, and there is little doubt of the return of Mr. Leader. For our parts, we thought Burdett, like a deep-rooted scab on the fair face of Reform, would have wanted a great deal more digging out than has been found necessary in expelling him. However, it turns out that he, like a long existing scab, has gone on so long in corruption, that he has, as it were, *come to a head*, and is fillipped off with the utmost ease imaginable. There is only one thing the electors have to guard against; and that is, the possibility of some of their body being so far the creatures of habit as to go and vote for Burdett, under the impression that he has still the spirit of Reform about him. Any elector who pursues so ill-judged a cause, cannot too speedily apply for admission into the spacious building at Hanwell, charitably set apart for the reception of lunatics. Burdett is a confirmed Tory; and there cannot be a better proof of it, than the Tories adopting him as their candidate, and not putting up any other Tory in opposition to him. We do not envy them this accession to their strength; though we admit that drivelling imbecility ought to join their ranks, being quite of the *genus* Conservative. We know there are some who regard Burdett's adhesion to the party as a piece of powerful, and yet playful, satire; intending to show to them that his intellects being quite gone, he is entirely at their service. Poor Sir Francis is now no chicken; and as we, the Reformers, have had the benefit of the yolk, we gladly give up to the Tories the empty, hollow, and useless eggshell. We must confess that we have been, in some degree, disgusted by the manner in which some of the self-styled liberal newspapers have been trying to throw a damp upon the success of Mr. Leader, by calling out for some body of more experience. We are among those who think freshness and energy qualities quite as good as the hacknied one of experience. We want action; we want somebody who will work—not a person who will look d—d wise, and do nothing. There must be a beginning to the best of things; and if people did nothing before they had devoted a length of time to experimentalising, nothing would be done in six times the period now occupied in doing it. The fact is, every little knot of meddlers thought they were the best to provide a member for Westminster, and 'dear de Vear' would like to write over his door,—*Sole Purveyor of Westminster Representatives*. But some intelligent men have very properly taken the job out of his hands; and the result is, that Westminster will be properly represented.

THE KNOWING ONES.

The Sons of the Clergy are about to have a benefit on Thursday next at St. Paul's; but whether the *Sons of the Clergy* are the young sweeps who get holidays about this time, or the spawn of the church, we are not well versed enough in the affair to determine. We, however, like the gaunt way in which the price of the thing is announced. *No tickets are necessary—but* persons contributing gold may be allowed to go to such a place, while those contributing silver may go somewhere else; but they are requested not to contribute less than half a crown. This is just the system of the dirty fellow, called Leander, at Beulah Spa. His sensitive soul used to be above shillings, till his breeches began to get seedy, and then the fellow clutched at a fourpenny-piece with ferocious avidity. So it is with the Sons of the Clergy. They are such mighty genteel beggars, that they don't take no small silver *whatsumdever*; and yet we will be bound, when Church Reform is completed, they will be very glad to take charity as it comes, without having the insolence and bad taste to dictate the amount of it. Beggars should not be choosers; and if money is asked for as a charity, we cannot perceive by what line of argument they have arrived at the conviction that they shall spend the sum they will condescend to receive, as if it were a favour done to the party giving and not to the party sueing, for it. We are not sure that we shall not go ourselves, for the fun of offering the fellow at the door a 'Joey.' We don't think we should catch any one belonging to the Church *refusing* any thing.

AN OLD ENGLISH MELODY.

AIR—*Gentle Estella.*

Gentle Sir Francis, whither away,
Why now the Tories game won't you play?
No, you have lingered too long in the house—
And in resigning you show you have nouse.
Simple Sir Francis has too much to fear—
What he is thought of—he won't like to hear!

Stupid Sir Francis, why shouldst thou care
There's no greater Tory than thou art, I swear.
And if the voters return you to day,
You are the humbug—the victims are they.
Stupid Sir Francis, since you're quite done,
Had not you better cut now and run!

Stupid Sir Francis, beware, oh, beware,
For you the Tories are weaning a mare
To your departure let terror add wings,
'Tis Mister Pouncey himself who now sings,
Ratting Sir Francis, go to the deuce,
For you no longer to us are of use.

Signed, PETER POUNCEY.

THE SHABBY GOVERNMENT.

We delight in reasonable economy, and are willing to support to the utmost a government prepared to carry out the principles of retrenchment, but niggling parsimony is, in our humble opinion, derogatory to the national honour, and highly injurious to the national character.—These remarks are instigated by the appearance in the papers of a Government advertisement, inviting the public to buy a lot of old iron, together with a selection of old great coats, sets of harness, brooms, paper, cartridges, and utensils. It looks as if Government was hard up, indeed, when it has to appeal for succour to rag fair, and negociate a Petticoat Lane Loan, a sort of Monmouth Street debt, with an extensive set of Marine Store Bondholders. This is the most mean and shabby proceeding that ever came beneath our cognisance. If the Government is really in a mess, why not apply in a gentlemanly way to Rothschild, or some of the great houses. Damme! let Melbourne rather go and pawn his watch at once in a straightforward way with Dobree, of Oxford Street, rather than throw himself and his colleagues into the hands of the great kitchen-stuff, black doll, and rag and bottle coalition. We fancy we see among the quotations of the prices of stock, side by side with Exchequer Bills, and other respectable securities,

The Candle grease three per *scents*.
The Wax piece Loan of 1837.
The flat iron and old rat-trap long annuities.

We most respectfully present our compliments to the stars, and beg of them to interfere to prevent so sad a state of things coming over us.

THEATRICALS.

We are extremely sorry to be unable to announce any re-action in the theatrical market. *Stock*, as they say in the markets, continues to be heavy, and *stock prices* continue to be particularly *heavy*.

Novelty at Drury Lane has not been the order of the day, but the *orders of the night* have been so lavishly given as to have exceeded even the customary *quantum* of these commodities. We understand, in fact, that Bunn's ferocious issue of free-admissions has thrown up the price of paper at least half per cent.; so that the old adage of its being 'an ill wind that blows nobody good,' would be verified in the increased profit of the paper-makers, but for the uncomfortable fact, that managers do not always pay those whom they deal with. Bunn, inspired by the example of Greenacre, and calculating, we presume, that *murder and mutilation* is the only thing to draw, has let Denvil murder 'Richard the Third' in a mutilated three acts of Shakespeare's tragedy. Denvil, however, does not succeed half so well as Greenacre; so the former was turned off at the same time that the latter was '*turned off;*' that is to say, on Tuesday morning. Joking aside, nothing could have been worse than Denvil's Richard, except Warde's, for which it was a substitute. Mrs. Wood takes her benefit, and, by the time this appears, she will have taken it, Friday being the night announced for that purpose. It is very much to be lamented that so clever a woman as Mrs. Wood is in her profession should be so especially *soft* out of it, as to countenance her husband in showing off on the night of her benefit. Wood is a nice man, a jolly fellow, and all that, understands ploughing, and in agriculture may be said to be 'more than up to a thing or two;' but as a singer, though heaven has blessed him with a good voice, he never did, and unless he has completely altered his system, he never could, or can, do any good for himself, or for any body else, in assuming the rank of a first singer. Ploughboys have sometimes delicious voices; and there is a milkman in the street where we reside whose *falsetto*, when he cries '*milk below*,' is particularly touching. Again, we have heard the potboy with a deep natural bass, while the cats-meat man possesses an unquestionable *barrow tone;* but none of these people have the insanity to attempt to sing; and why, therefore, does Wood give such an outburst of lunacy? We thought, some years ago, need had compelled him to the pursuit, and we were wont to be very merciful in our private opinion (not then being in the practice of giving it publicly); but now, that he has no such excuse for his conduct, we regard his singing in public as somewhat insane, and, if we did not FIGARO, we should unquestionably have started a periodical on purpose to tell him so. However, we refrained from all this till after the benefit, because we would not be the means of injuring the house on Mrs. Wood's night, which must have been the case had we 'put in our jaw,' as Sir Francis Burdett would say, upon the occasion.

Covent Garden is going on so very flourishingly that it shut its doors on Saturday last, that there might be a night rehearsal of a new tragedy on Monday. There is a certain curved affair, called a hook. We can only reply, '*with a hook*,' to the manager's allegation of such being the reason for his closing the establishment. All our readers know that on non-play nights there is no pay, and Osbaldiston, in the present state of the theatre, is very glad to get an excuse for shutting up his theatre. Our readers may judge of the state of the concern, from the fact that admissions for two are to be had for three shillings and sixpence; the said admissions being publicly exposed for sale at that price in the window of a newsman's shop in Leicester-square. Those who doubt us may go and look in the newsman's window, where we doubt not that they still remain, as they looked very dirty, and particularly unsaleable.

Sadler's Wells is now beginning to look up again, under the new management of Messrs. Rogers and Taylor. We visited them on Monday last, and were surprised to see Othello so well got through. The Novelties promised for Whitsuntide are on a grand scale, comprising a new Drama, a new Black Burletta, and a new Pantomime, produced under the direction of the Veteran Grimaldi. We wish them success.

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Yours, &c.
J. NICHOLLS.

14, Catherine-st. Commercial-rd. Jan. 20, 1836.

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